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IT is published fortnightly by Bloom (Publications) Ltd, 11b Wardour Mews, London W1A 4PF (Tel: 01-437 1312/434 1372). Copyright Underground Press Syndicate. We welcome contributions but can accept no responsibility for unsolicited material. UK distribution by Moore Barnes Ltd, 31 Corsica Street, Highbury, London N5 (Tel: 01-359 4127). Printed by Dasha Publications, Kiddlington, Oxford. Registered at the GPO as a newspaper.

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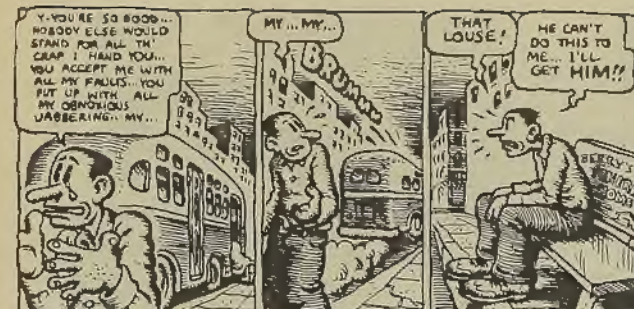
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Saturday December 2nd is the day to watch out for. On this day we'll be holding the first Christmas Comic Mart at Lyndhurst Hall, Warden Road, London NW1 (near Camden Town) u/g station and Kentish Town and Kentish Town West BK stations! Basically it's a trade con, a place where you can buy anything you want that is related to the field of comics, including SF, pulps, and posters. The majority of the fantasy-oriented shops and dealers in England will be represented and a very wide variety of stock will be available. I'd probably be underestimating if I said there'd be 30,000 comics on sale. Proceedings start at midday (so if you've had a "heavy" night before...) and will last till around six or seven. If by any chance you want to come and sell some comics that you've had stashed away and need the bread, then you can hire a table from us for £1 either by (preferably) sending money to 212 Grange Road, Plaistow, London E13 0AB, or on the day itself, but this might get a little dicey. Anyway, we hope we'll see you there.

And now onto the news. No doubt you'll remember seeing last issue in the news section that one shop in London had been raided by plainclothes policemen and that a quantity of underground comic had been removed. This is, unfortunately, having a disastrous effect on the availability of these comics. Several shops carrying them have taken them off sale, and only about one shop in the whole of London still has a complete range, the others mainly displaying the "harmless" titles. How long this scare is going to last is impossible to tell, but we can only hope that it blows over as soon as possible. There are a few new books in the underground comic field—a few of which you may have seen and a few that are not over here yet. It's difficult to tell what will be coming over, but generally we do seem to be getting most of them. Recommended is John Thompson's *Eternal Tales* (Terry Stroud) as mystical as ever, but with more narrative than usual. This is a larger size underground comic than usual and more expensive—\$1. Truckin' (The Print Mint) is George Metzger's new mag. It's

a departure from his usual work, but it's poetic and imaginative. For Moondog fans, there's an episode in this issue too. Larry Todd's *Dr. Atomic* (Last Gasp) concerns itself with the adventures of an unattractive Mr. Natural, and it's very funny too. P. Serwick has written and sort of drawn the *Mutants of the Metropolis* (Los Angeles Comic Book Company). The drawings are very primitive, even for undergrounds, but somehow it works, and the story, strange as it is, is also very effective. *Funny Animals* (Apex Novelties) features a good characteristic Crumb two-parter, an exceptional story by Art Spiegelman—"Maus", and good stuff by Jay Lynch and others. On the "National" front, Jack Kirby will be definitely remaining with DC, although many contrary rumours have been spreading like wild fire through fan circles. These rumours were precipitated when Jack recently met up with Stan Lee again, and a return to Marvel was envisaged. Apparently though, Jack has a nuthin' year contract with National, and both of his new mags—*The Demon* and *Kamandi*—are now monthly. I don't see him increasing his work load at present since he's now doing 3 books every two months, which is the equivalent of what he was doing when *The New Gods* and *The Forever People* were still running (as both are bi-monthly). On the whole, though, the scene seems to be a lot quieter than it was a couple of months ago. Those interested in the Spirit will be pleased to hear about the approaching availability of both these strips. Will Eisner and Dave Gibson are planning to reproduce all the Spirit strip, beginning with the first episode in 1940, and continuing chronologically through to the last in the 1950s. In addition, Eisner will write a one page commentary on each story. The stories will be sold in sets of ten for \$4.00, or 40 for \$13.00. For information please write to Spirit Publications, 116 S. Vista Street, Los Angeles, Calif 90036, USA. The latest issue of *Comix Media* (available from 22 Woodhew, Egham, Surrey, 15p per copy) also has a Spirit feature. So if you're interested—NICK LANDAU



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John & Yoko produced
the Elephants' first album
on Apple.

Two Good Turns, Deserved.

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Apple

SAPCOR 22

'One wonder how many Asians will be shot, before granted entry..'

The following de-mythologising report from Uganda arrived at IT last week. It's author is a trained observer of political and social events who, for the sake of his own safety, wishes to remain anonymous. His concern is to mobilise British opinion to force a more humane attitude upon the British High Commission in Kampala.

KAMPALA: It is now a very short time from the expiry of President Amin's deadline for the expulsion of Non-Citizen Asians from Uganda, and many thousands are still in a state of uncertainty regarding their position. Uncertainty is compounded by terror as more and more members of the Asian community are already being arrested for lack of proper identification papers, as house to house searches have commenced.

Britain has accepted a clear responsibility for all British passport holders subject to the expulsion order, and yet a large number are still being denied entry.

Examples of bureaucratic indifference and even rudeness to people in distress are commonplace. Impossible documentation is being requested, and legitimate documents in support of entry

applications are being refused. Many women who are now heads of household by virtue of legal separation are having their lawyers' affidavits rejected as insufficient evidence. Medical reports from prominent doctors regarding dependency on medical grounds are also being rejected.

Asians who have legitimate and worrying queries regarding their status are physically prevented from presenting their problems at the British High Commission Building and often suffer abuse at the same time. If accompanied or represented by a white Briton, they may be allowed entry. Whereas in England students in full time education are still legally treated as dependents, even if they are over the age of 21, here in Uganda they are being denied dependency status and thus entry to Britain. Many students will have to be abandoned destitute in Uganda by their parents, while other families are staying to face the dangers together.

In some cases, the British High Commission has shown macabre humour in its dealings. On being informed of the cold blooded murder of a British citizen, their only observed reaction was to ensure the return and cancellation of the deceased person's passport. During the same incident, the murdered man's son was shot several times in the leg, and four other members of the family also shot. His wife, a British citizen, applied for an entry certificate for him on the grounds of dependency and was told to obtain a Ugandan travel document for him. When it was pointed out that Uganda is no longer issuing travel documents, she was told that that was not the concern of the British High Commission. Eventually, however, her wounded husband was granted an entry certificate—later information received that both have refused entry to both man and wife. One wonders how many more Asians will have to be shot, before they are granted entry or are given travel documents to Britain.

Many elderly British passport holders are being forced to go to Britain alone to face geriatric institutions, because the children on whom they are dependent have been refused entry. Neither does the Ugandan government allow these aged British Asians dependents to stay in Uganda with their children. For example, an old man, who has recently had his leg amputated, has been told to go to Britain alone, leaving his 22 year old son who supports him in Uganda.

Many people who hold legitimately issued British passports are now having their applications for passport renewal questioned and impossible documentation demanded for renewal. A widow who was issued a passport in 1962 is now being asked to produce a marriage certificate for a wedding that took place in India in 1921, at a time when such certificates were not available to all people, before her passport can be renewed. Others have been asked for birth certificates of parents, who were born in India in the last century, when births were not always registered.

One lady who has tried to help a helpless family and has been brushed off by the British High Commission makes this report: "The BHC don't care if people are left to die and they therefore go out of their way to

How would you like to be born without an anus?

That's the fate of just one of Britain's 430 Thalidomide victims. In ten years he's had 42 operations and still desires his parents—and is likely to keep doing so. As if that wasn't enough, he has no sensation in his limbs, his faulty vision, an abnormality of the joints and may be sterile.

It isn't his fault. Ten years ago his mother took Distillers sleeping pills (thalidomide) marketed by the giant Distillers Company. The same company that described thalidomide as "completely safe". The same company that sells you whisky (Johnnie Walker, V&O, White Horse, Black & White, Blended gin (Gordon's, Beefeater). The same company that reckoned up 64 MILLION group profits last year. THE SAME COMPANY THAT STILL HASN'T PAID A PENNY TO ANY OF ITS THALIDOMIDE VICTIMS.

The Distillers Company needs to be convinced that its refusal to adequately compensate thalidomide victims and avoid them as human beings is immoral. After ten futile, desperate years the only way to make Distillers understand is to hit them where it hurts most—in their pockets. Simply avoid buying and drinking their whiskies and gin.

A small enough meretricious—but 430 thalidomide victims may thank you for it one day.

PROTEST-AND MAKE DISTILLERS PAY UP



A picture of one of Britain's shockingly deformed thalidomide victims. Ten years ago the giant Distillers Company sold a sleeping pill called Distaval (thalidomide). They said it was "completely safe". In 1962, hundreds of women took Distillers' pills—and their new-born babies were born limbless, hearing, sightless.

That was bad enough. But after TEN YEARS, Distillers (they sell Johnnie Walker, V&O, Black & White and other whiskies) are still dodging the question of adequate compensation for their victims. Yet children still haven't been paid a penny. And last year Distillers' group profits were 64 MILLION!

So if you don't want to see this picture in the bottom of your glass, don't buy Johnnie Walker. That way Distillers may get to know how you feel. And, one day, Britain's thalidomide victims may thank you.

Help Thalidomide victims—stay away from Johnnie Walker

LONDON: The two posters reproduced above are the opening shots in a dynamically launched campaign designed to remind the giant Distillers Company (group profits last year: 664 million) of its moral and financial responsibilities to the victims of the thalidomide sleeping pills it marketed for profit between 1959-61. There are over 430 thalidomide victims in Britain today, and for more than a decade the Company directly responsible for their condition has hedged pleas on behalf of the children. The campaign suggests translating disapproval into the only language Distillers appear to understand—profit loss.

ask for impossible documentation, and at the same time make it clear that they are not bound to accept this evidence even if they are asked for it—it is in their hands. Britain is a bureaucratic state, you have papers for everything—they are unable to realise that other peoples do not live in this fashion, but in a

crisis in 1972, Britain imposes her bureaucratic demands on Asian people, and if they can not produce documents that satisfy the BHC they are left to suffer. Truly, you need papers to live. Is this what they call 'Britain rising to meet an emergency'?

SHORT NEWS-

UTAH: Over the last three years the US Navy has spent half a million dollars trying to find a way to adapt the common frisbee for military use. It failed.

"We used a high cliff in Utah" said the admiral in charge of the project. "We tossed several thousand off the top. We thought it could be used for some kind of anti personnel role, or for spreading tear gas."

GENEVA: Timothy Leary is off on his travels again. The Swiss Government have finally told him he must be out of the country by October 31. He has been asking each of the cantons that make up the Swiss Federation whether they will give him sanctuary. They all refused.

FASCISTS: Following our expose in IT/140 of neo-Nazi groups in this country and abroad, we have heard from the "Propaganda Dept" of the National Patriotic Front (funny thing, fascists never can spell), that we're wrong to call Martin Webster (Activities Organiser of the National Front) a dedicated Nazi, "as he is a Special Branch agent". Meanwhile Webster accuses Ward, boss of the National Patriotic Front, of also being in the pay of the Special Branch.

Most likely conclusion is that these two nasty individuals are both in the pay of the SB. It won't be the first time that police forces have subsidised fascists.

LONDON: It takes a gay trial to breathe some life into a British Court. Will Magistrate Harrington, of the Marylebone Magistrates Court, ever be the same again after the trial of 12 gay people busted for annoying the police outside the Champion Public House in Brompton Road?

The public gallery was exotic in drag, as were most of the witnesses. One of the Defendants announced that he was using a Mackenzie lawyer. Harrington was so ignorant of current legal procedure that he had to ask the clerk of the court what that was. When the M.L. appeared he was wearing an attractive full length white evening dress. He was shortly ejected, along with the public gallery for calling the magistrate "an old queen".

Harrington afterwards handed out "I'd like to disbelieve the police but I daren't" sentences—£5 fines.

LONDON: Mike Simos is an alien. (He was born in Athens but had a Turkish passport). He is now also stateless.

On Sept 9th this year, he and his wife Pauline Conroy and one-year-old son Cormac Jackson were deported to Algeria... a punishment for his "crime" of letting his visa expire a year ago. (He has no previous convictions).

Since he was first arrested in Nov 1971 (on a trumped up charge which was later dropped) he has spent 5 months in prison—6 weeks in Brixton and the rest in Pentonville's notorious P Wing for deportees.

All the better then that Mike is giving them a taste of their own medicine. He is suing from exile Judge Oswald Seawright Macleay, Sergeant Moore and the Commissioner of Police for wrongful arrest. This is the first time a case of this kind has been brought since 1867.

MONDAY, MONDAY...

By Andrew Cockburn.

LONDON: Founded in 1961, the Monday Club now has upwards of 8,000 members, 2,000 in the national Monday Club and another 6,000 in the 30 provincial branches. Among its members there are over 30 MPs (a few lack the courage of their convictions to announce themselves naked and unashamed), 35 peers, one cabinet minister Geoffrey Rippon, and an uncounted number of local councillors.

They have no ideology, somewhat to the dismay of the more intellectually pretentious among their staff, all that emerges from the realm of well financed newsletters and pamphlets is a hodgepodge of right wing claptrap—"Authority is the precondition of liberty" (Salazar, the late Portuguese dictator), "Whose getting at our kids?", "Stop immigration now!", "Moral subversion is the nation in danger"—speaker, Mary Whitehouse (who else). Despite efforts by the smoother Tories who control the club's central organisation, the club in its lower reaches, among the provincial branches, where the real impetus lies, is often indistinguishable in rhetoric, and sometimes in personnel, from the National Front, or, God help us, Ulster Vanguard.

The club was originally founded by five young Tories in 1961 who were disgusted by what they thought of as the 'leftist' nature of Harold MacMillan (remember him?) and his 'sell out' in Africa. It received its greatest fillip in 1968 when Enoch Powell made his 'rivers of blood' speech. Ever since then the club has flourished on a tide of prejudice. Racism has always been the strongest weapon of the right, so useful for explaining away to the plebs why they are unemployed, homeless, and otherwise miserable, blame it on the wogs, blame it on the Asians.

Naturally their greatest hero is Enoch himself. Enoch is too careful to actually join the club, as he has always avoided any group, but they are his loyal supporters. At the Tory conference at Blackpool this year it was the Monday Club that rolled out the votes in support of Enoch, forcing an actual ballot (rare for the Tories, used to accepting orders from above). When Enoch arises to speak to the local Monday Club the faithful grow quiet under his mad stare, and thrill to his blood curdling prophecies of England, their England, sliding into a cesspit of anarchy and curry restaurants, almost sexual, his growling bray; at least one man who won't surrender to the communist/black/permisive conspiracy. Dammit, he'd give the country a bit of authority.

Authoritarianism runs through the Monday Club. Its membership lists are studded with military ranks, the Club's director is Captain Woolrych, RN. "I have my contacts in the Special Branch" General Sir Michael Carver lectures them on the threat to NATO, and the French Navy is now bigger than ours, for heaven's sake. The upper ranks of the club have a sleek air about them—Jonathan Guinness, the Club's chairman, who despite his brewing millions, and his position as director of Leopold Joseph merchant bank, feels an affinity with the working

masses, "The Monday Club should become a spiritual home for the industrial classes, I do not mean the working classes, we all work, at least I do," John Stokes, MP, a member of the club's immigration committee, advertised a job in his bank, Stokes & Biggs, as being for Englishmen only. But lower down the club appeals to the not so successful; it is significant that one of the very few advertisements in the pages of Monday News is for the Small Business Association.

Monday News is edited by Sam Swerling, a callow youth who professes a strong admiration for Mussolini and his corporate state. Sam is dedicated to rooting out subversion wherever it may be found. Does he sleep at night for thinking about all the communist infiltration in our schools, see his pamphlet "Whose getting at our kids?", among liberal organisations such as the NCCL (communist dominated, what else?). Sam has unfortunately got himself into trouble lately with an article in Monday News about Release, in which he accuses the Directors of Release of having drug convictions. They are now suing him for libel. Admiration for Italian Fascism

is not confined to Sam. Three members of the club, including Neil Hamilton, former vice chairman of the Federation of Conservative Students, went to Italy as guests of the Italian Neo-fascist Party.

Ulster has been another golden opportunity for the club. This, of course, takes a lead from Enoch himself. Bill Craig and Brian Faulkner are favoured speakers at club meetings. Ulster Vanguard, Craig's fascist organisation, until recently had as Vice Chairman Louis Gardner, a London business man and former Chairman of the Monday Club's Ulster study group. The Special Branch has been investigating gun running to Ulster by members of the Lancashire Monday Club. Bill Craig did embarrass them a little bit lately with his loony incoherencies about 'we are prepared to kill', it was maybe what everybody at the South West Monday Club meeting thought, but to say it, with the Press there, was a bit much. Still, it hasn't deterred them from withdrawing Bill's invitation to speak at the Club's university group's meeting at the House of Commons on November 20th.

There are signs that the club does get embarrassed by particularly obvious signs of their

affinity with the National Front. They do have a group at the Central Office where job it is to weed out actual members of these organisations from the Club. Nevertheless the Front does get cooperation from the Club, particularly in the branches.

Monday Club meetings are often stewarded by the National Front, known as 'Marshalls'. At the recent anti-Ugandan Asians meeting at the Central Hall, Westminster, Martin Webster, activities organiser for the NF, was actually on the door. So predominant was the NF at that meeting that Spearhead (NF paper) triumphantly announces under the title 'NF enlivens Monday Club rally': 'This was the first time that Conservative MPs (Harold Soref, John Biggs-Davison, Ronald Bell), joined what was in effect a National Front organised march through London! ...the exceptional Mr Bell was delighted by the march.' As well as this overt collaboration, prominent club members have strong links with out-and-out fascists through such bodies as the Immigration Control Association. Roy Bramwell, for instance, who sits on the immigration sub-committee of the club, was a chairman of the ICA. He is

also friendly with Jim Merrick, a former Nazi colleague of Colin Jordan, and candidate for the British Campaign against Immigration in the Rochdale by-election. His wife Anna kept a firm hand on the Club's younger members committee, mainly by virtue of the fact that she was the only one who could type. She resigned in fury at the club's failure to expel Geoffrey Rippon for letting in the Ugandan Asians. This Monday Club fascist cooperation is strongest in Yorkshire, where significantly the local Monday Club voted 235 to 2 to expel Rippon, and other areas of heavy immigrant population, such as the West Midlands. Though some of the more rabid right wingers occasionally prove too much for the club's electorate, they can usually count on a warm welcome among the local groups. Harvey Proctor, for example, who models himself physically and mentally on Enoch the master ('who, almost alone, understands the great mysteries of what a great nation feels and wants') parted company from the executive, but flourishes as Chairman of the South West group, as well as being the Tory candidate for Hackney South, where Enoch is the President of the local Tory Association.

Even in London the Monday Club is well represented on local bodies. At least members of the Kensington and Chelsea Council Monday Clubbers are showing increasing success in capturing the Conservative candidacies in constituencies with heavy immigrant populations—Hackney South, Brixton, Smethwick, Wolverhampton N., East Huddersfield. At local level the club has many adherents among Tory councillors, 23 on Essex County Council for example. Geoffrey Baber, a Monday Club member on the Kensington and Chelsea Council, and former Chairman of the Club's Immigration Committee, was the operative figure on the Council's health committee who closed the Mangrove Restaurant. When he visited the Mangrove Baber seemed more anxious to ask about Black Power than the state of the dustbins. George Young, a fanatical racist and prominent club member also sits on the Kensington and Chelsea council, as do another four or five of his compatriots.

The Monday Club is manifestly a repressive organisation, its reaction to whatever is going on that they do not like is to urge a 'crackdown'—in Ulster, in the unions, in the schools, in broadcasting, in bed. Since Toryism is solely about getting both power and money and keeping them there has never been a need for a Tory ideology. Some 'intellectuals' in the club—far away from the sweaty obscenities of Wolverhampton, or Hackney South,—attempt to build an ideology on the writings of the French fascist Charles Maurras whose watchword was 'authority above, liberty below' (?).

As the people increasingly refuse to accept the old orders of things, and demand back the control of their lives and of the country that the system has taken away from them, the ruling class will respond with more repression. Before we laugh the Monday Club off as a joke we should remember that they are organised, have access to large amounts of money, they have thirty MPs in Parliament, and they don't like you one little bit.



Lennon-Ono: Deporting the great Swan



"... a city they profess to love."

By Jonathon Green.

NEW YORK: *'It is with great pleasure that we wish to add PEN American Center's great Roe's voice to the vast chorus of poetic larks and Ambassadors Editorial 1 Owls who've already raised cries throbbing to Heaven that American shores, woods and lakes not be banned to the great Swan of Liverpool, John Lennon poet musician ... and his paramour-wife conceptual Authoress Yoko Ono, birds of a feather. Such mighty creatures as these who've winged o'er the Atlantic's deeps to Manhattan Isle are to be threatened to be cast hence for consuming hemp leafs in their home nesting*

ground. So tiny a natural peccadillo, and so great a cage, as large as the world, to keep them out of America! May all the chorus of singing creatures on Turtle Island (N. America) bid them welcome to stay immigrant here including even the lonely near-extinct Federal Bald Eagle! Text of a PEN Statement on the Lennon-Ono Affair by Allen Ginsberg.

It's that kind of a campaign, the struggle to keep ex-Beatle John Lennon and his artist wife Yoko Ono in the country. True to form in such popular liberal causes, the luminaries of stage, screen, the arts of every sort, politicians of every hue, everyone who is or feels they ought to be anyone is dutifully signing on the latest

liberal bandwagon. The list, a few selections from a recent petition should give the flavour, runs like this: Richard Avedon, Ralph Abernathy, Cecil Beaton, Leonard Bernstein, John Cage, Dick Cavett, Bob Dylan, William de Kooning, Gregory Corso, Allen Ginsberg, William Sloane Coffin, Jasper Johns, Kate Millett, Jonas Mekas, Andy Warhol, ad nauseam ... You loved them backing Lenny Bruce, thrilled to their sterling defence of Angela Davis, now walk down memory lane as John and Yoko face the immigration authorities' chop.

But that's a little cruel, though liberal opinion does love a good cause. The overwhelming majority of those prepared to comment at all on a problem that, initiated in March is still dragging interminably on and has been blown out of all proportion by the intransigencies of the US Immigration and

Naturalization Service, is staunchly pro-Lennon. The offices of the JY Defence Fund, whose outsize red-white-and-blue buttons proclaim 'John and Yoko: America Don't Let Them Down', have received over 125 thousand letters of support, petition signatures and the like. Such august and imposing figures as Major John Lindsay of New York—'It is an attempt to silence Constitutionally protected First Amendment rights of free speech and association and a denial of the civil liberties of these two people'—Lord Harlech, ex-British Ambassador to the US—'It may be that there is a theory that no danger arises for the USA if someone resides there for six months, but that danger does arise if he stays there for seven months or longer ...'—and possibly the most interesting complainant, Leonard Woodcock of the United Auto Workers Union, hardly a hotbed of pinko perversion, 'It would be an outrage and a tragedy for this country if John Lennon and Yoko Ono were deported'—have made it clear to the Government that the deportation proceedings would be nothing short of scandalous, and, in a country which places so high a premium on free speech, deliberately repressive.

The Government itself, unlike our own dear funsters back home, blithely ignores all this protest. They bomb the French Embassy in Hanoi, and without the slightest embarrassment put Melvin Laird on the box in what must be one of the least proficient examples of talking one's way out of the political shit. But who cares if 'the whole world is watching'. McGovern's blown it, Nixon's the One and November 7th will doubtless mean Four More Years. Which all leads to the simple fact that if international blunders can be laughed off, almost ignored, who the hell cares what becomes of a couple of leftie perverts who sing sick and revolutionary songs and make films of assholes.

On a legal front, for, after all, it was the Government who started his damn fool situation in the first place, the Lennons were supposed to file suit to stay by July 1st, this was duly done. The Government was also supposed to file their suit to get the hapless duo out. This was not done. Whether the Government don't want to press the point and risk alienating that New Shiny Youth Vote (oh yes, Nixon's scheduled to grab that too) or whether they just hope all the fuss will die down, given a few months, and the Lennons can be quietly thrown out without anyone noticing is a moot point. The Defence Committee tend to opt for the latter. The steamroller was halted back in March, now the quiet broom might do the job just as well.

While editorials in the nation's top papers—New York Times, LA Times and Chicago Sun-Times, thunder against Nixon's ejection of two remarkably harmless people—says the Chicago Sun-Times; mentioning

the distinguished supporters of their cause: 'President Nixon, who places such store on family unity, might add his voice to theirs'—and popular feeling is swayed towards the Lennons, the real decisions are in the hands of the courts. Initially allowed into the country only to be present at Yoko's attempt to gain custody, from a Texas court, of her eight year old daughter Kyoko, the law rules that Yoko could only have the child if she brought her up in America. Now the courts, in ruling that her husband is not allowed to stay here, is quite prepared to split up their family. And the exact status of Lennon's original dope bust—for a minuscule amount of hashish which he claims he did not even know was in his house—is under strident debate. The Federal Immigration Act which prohibits the issuing of a visa to anyone who has been busted for marijuana, does not mention cannabis. This is, of course, a legal nicety, but in the eyes of courts who have freed far more dangerous criminals for just such a tiny flaw in the legal terminology, this should surely exempt Lennon from his troubles. On a broader front, there is no discrimination in law between a man caught smuggling twenty kilos of heroin and one who has half a joint in his possession. Both of them face exclusion from the USA. To remedy this Sen. Alan B Cranston of California has sponsored a bill in the Senate to clarify this situation and to make the decision on deportation one for the discretion of the Attorney General, who will assess the gravity of the bust in question. A similar bill has been proposed in the House of Representatives but with Congress now busy with campaigns in the forthcoming elections, and no new session until that is dealt with, the bills may not be debated let alone passed, until well into 1973.

Meanwhile, John and Yoko, with their massive band of supporters, await the Government's next move. They cannot leave the country for fear of being kept out for ever, their professional career is limited to benefits, they have no work permits, the Government wants them out, but hasn't acted yet. If the Cranston Bill is passed, before the Government decides to make a move, then John and Yoko may yet remain in a city they profess to love and in which, like several million other people, they wish to live. Such an eventuality is unlikely: 'The tenuous and cold-blooded quality of the Government's stand' (Chicago Sun-Times) would not permit such a thing. 'Sometime in New York City their latest double album may not have sold too well, the banality of its lyrics hardly drew one to any deeper political commitment, but as far as Nixon and his flunkies are concerned, two dangerous revolutionaries must be deported. But then again, banality is the only thing that they can comprehend.'

Orange & Green?

By Paddy Mullanhey

ULSTER: Calls for working class unity in the 6 counties have so far closely resembled David Bedford's personal forecasts: much wind, little piss.

But there are signs that both the British and the Unionist high command are becoming somewhat less complacent about the prospect of IRA and UDA militants joining hands over the barricades.

Over the last couple of weeks

both the *Economist* and the *Sunday Telegraph's* men in Northern Ireland have received lengthy briefings from army intelligence on the menace of 'left unity'. Result in the *Telegraph* was a characteristic effusion from Peregrine Wothsthorpe on the imminent scenario, which was 'socialist revolution'.

The Officials have a working agreement that drunks and other inoffensive parties who involuntarily invade their territory will be returned unharmed: two drunks the other week had the

misfortune to be picked up by the provos instead of the officials. One of them had his legs broken and was then shot before the officials had time to organise their release.

Any sort of cooperation is of course the last thing that Faulkner, Craig, and the heavier members of the unionist hierarchy would wish to see. The Socialist noises made by Heron and others have never been sweet music in their ears. Horizontal political alliances along class lines, instead of the trusted reaction of the Unionist bloc would spell ruin for them.

Some of the Unionist leaders, if no one else, still remember

what happened in October 1932. This is how the papers reported it: "Orange and Green unite. Four thousand men marched on Belfast Board of Guardians office on Tuesday and demonstrated against the scale of relief and remuneration received for labour on certain distress relief schemes. They now say they must fight or starve. The strikers represent the militant Catholics and Protestants who are uniting against exploitation."

Two days later: "Belfast is in revolt. Workers shot down by police. All the signs of revolution are there. Barricades, trenches, organization. Whole areas isolated which the police could not enter. Every working class district in Belfast in a

ferment and in action. The Imperial authorities were alarmed by nothing so much as the fact that religious differences and feuds disappeared. Protestants and Catholics fought side by side. They went to and from district to district helping and encouraging each other."

The Government saw the point. It trebled the allowance, from eight to twenty-four shillings per week. And it was not long before the workers of Belfast were killing each other, instead of their masters.

That was 40 ye rs ago, to the month and virtually to the day. It's an anniversary that neither Whitelaw, nor Faulkner nor almost anyone else with cash in the bank wants to remember.

ITMAIL

Due to disorganisation on the part of the previous staff of ITMAIL who have now departed from IT, there are a number of orders outstanding. Will anybody who has not received their orders please write to: ITMAIL, 11b Wardour Mews, London W1, stating articles as yet not received.

Howard Parker &
Robin Marshall



STARTS GUY FAWKES NIGHT!

"Good, I'll bring me in." (Mr P.D., London W.10)

"Just as I thought - Totten." (Mr R.S., London W.2)

GOOD CLEAN FILTH

a new concept in dirty movies:

cobra-one

etcetcetc...

ATACAMA



'The Sun Burns Up Above' CAS 1060
The combination of good music and intense political motivation, performers and writers joining to reach and persuade public opinion, is now full-blooded tradition in Latin America, and particularly in Chile. Music is as effective a media as any when artists are prepared to play for little or nothing in villages impoverished and illiterate. ATACAMA's second album to be released on Charisma (The first was 'Atacama' CAS 1039) features songs from the central and southern regions of Chile, including three from their acknowledged 'master', Violeta Parra, who died tragically some years ago.

STRING DRIVEN THING



'String Driven Thing' CAS 1062
A discovery in the highest tradition of Charisma 'firsts' (i.e. Lindisfarne, The Move, Genesis, Van der Graaf Generator). A remarkable first major appearance at the Reading Festival '72 has been followed by a period of private and close co-operation with producer Shel Talmy. A strange line-up: The superb violin of Graham Smith the sturdy vocal of rhythm guitarist Chris Adams, the voice and driving concert cambrine of Pauline Adams, the fine bass work of Colin Graham worked under Sir John Barbirolli in the Halle, before moving on to the Scottish National, where he began 'insightful' on gigs with Chris, Pauline and Colin in the Glasgow area.

LORD OF THE RINGS



Bo Hansson CAS 1059
Around five years ago quite a few British musicians were admiring a Scandinavian duo called Hansson and Carlsson, an organist and a keyboard man, retired from the gig scene to an island off Stockholm. Reluctant and otherworldly, he was lured by Professor Tolkien's 'Lord Of The Rings' trilogy. Out of the seduction was born a series of haunting rhythms and melodies. In large part this 'Lord of the Rings' suite was recorded on that same small island off Stockholm, with Hansson's own organ and Moog Synthesizer dominating. The album includes a colour portrait inset of the rarely photographed Professor Tolkien, taken by Snowdon.

REMEMBER...

CHARISMA PUTS A LITTLE COLOUR IN YOUR CHEEKS



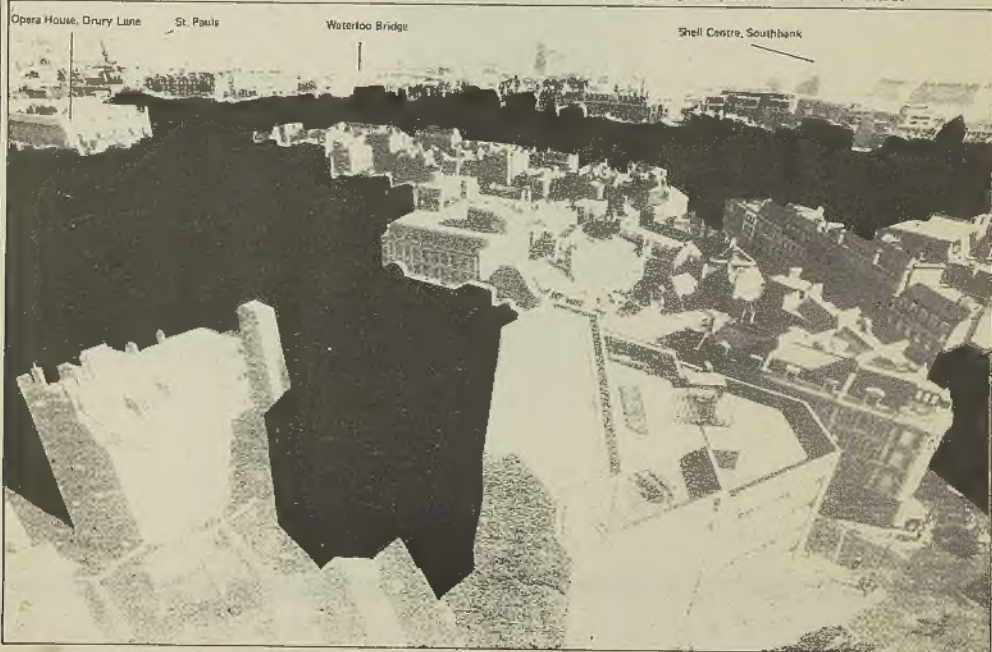
THE 70's BUTZ!

Prepared by Pearce Marchbank and Jim Monahan. Photographs by Gerry Mason.

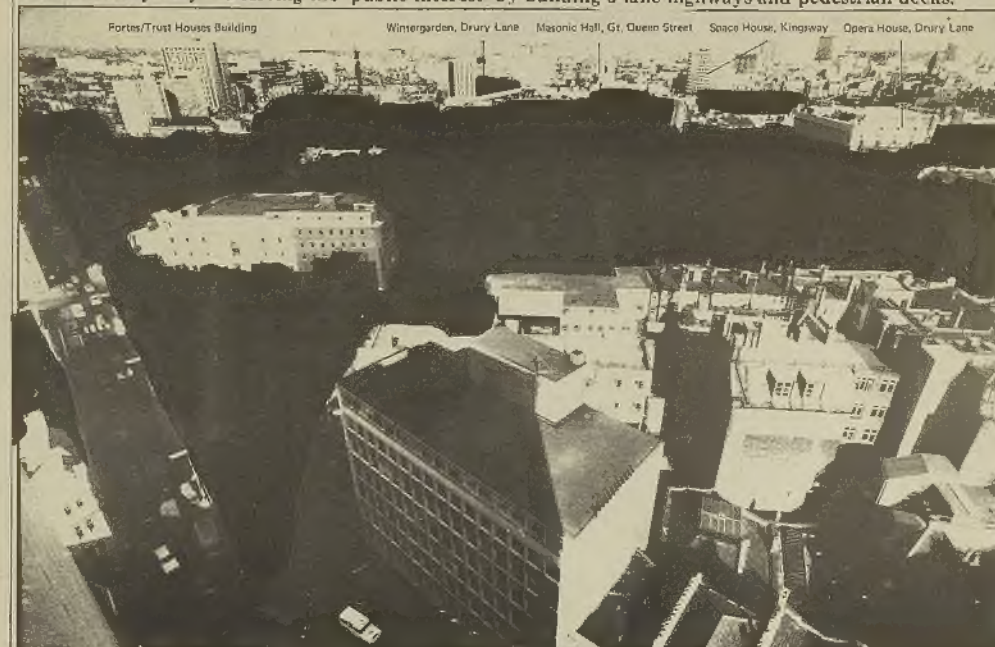


Looking North up Monmouth Street to Seven Dials. In a great sweep of demolition, among the few remaining buildings are the Cambridge Theatre, the Shaftesbury Hotel, and the Ambassador Theatre. Replacing it all will be new roads, pedestrian decks, hotels, luxury flats, office blocks and the like. Already you can see that the area is surrounded by new buildings and developments.

Looking South-East towards the river. The 'southern spine' of demolition runs from right to left up to the Opera House. Coming here will be international conference centre/hotel for up to 5,000 delegates, a massive shopping centre. In the left foreground there is planned a 'tarmac' 'open space' surrounded by high-rise flats, but what will the rents be?

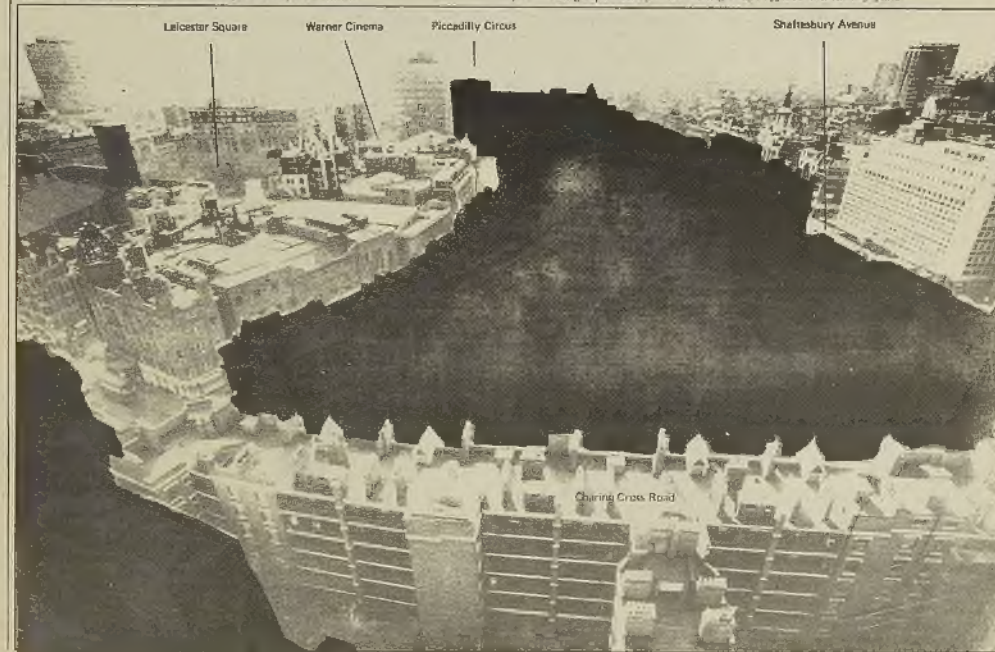


These four photographs, taken from the roof of Thorn House in Upper St. Martins Lane, depict the massive demolition planned by the Greater London Council, Westminster Council and private developers. It is almost impossible to say what is going to replace these devastated areas, as the developers have the say. There will be some housing, but the rents and rates will be astronomical. There are bound to be huge office blocks, hotels, and so on - take a look at the Elephant & Castle. The authorities say they are serving the 'public interest' by building 6-lane highways and pedestrian decks.



Looking North-East towards Kingsway and Holborn. The Royal Opera on the right, along with the Bow Street Police Station remain untouched. A huge £85,000,000 IPC office block is going up on the old Odhams site in Endell Street, in front of the Masonic Hall. Again all the usual conglomeration of offices, hotels, walk-ways will replace it.....

Looking West, towards Piccadilly. This view shows the link-up of the 'comprehensive redevelopment' of Covent Garden and Piccadilly. The vast area of destruction lies between Shaftesbury Avenue, Charing Cross Road, Leicester Square and Piccadilly. Chinatown and low-income housing are being replaced by a 6-lane highway, offices and luxury flats.





1963-65: The Rolling Stones conquer the world. On 7 June 1963 the Stones released their first single, 'Come On', an early Chuck Berry number, identified with that peculiar Stones ability to parody. Kids came from all over London to get down to it at the Station Hotel, Richmond. The Stones had become the first Mod Band. They did the first Richmond Jazz and Blues Festival and in October toured with Bo Diddley, the Everly Brothers and Little Richard. In November they released a Lennon McCartney number, 'I Wanna Be Your Man', which made it into the UK top twenty. Beatlemania was reaching its frenzied height.

Into '64, the year of the Stones, as they were to term it on Ready Steady Go, with 'Not Fade Away' getting to No.3 and 'It's All Over Now', their first No.1. The Stones were by now a national problem, a strange form of hysteria engulfed the press and educational establishment revelling around long hair, sex and Rock 'n' Roll music, particularly as preached by the Rolling Stones. In fact the British and American press developed a condition of pop diarrhoea that was truly remarkable to behold.

The Stones are a great team for having a family, and they're very clean and smart when they relax, contrary to what lots of people think, boozed Jimmy Savile in the People.

'It's All Over Now For Real'. The anti-Police dog on the life of Mon, an Arabian paraded the stage at a Bangor Ballroom last night while 7,000 roanagers shrieked applause for the Rolling Stones pop group. But after twenty minutes Rex had to be taken away for a rest. The noise annoyed him so much that he had begun to snarl at the crowd and the Stones, wailed the Daily Express.

Also from the Express, this gem: 'I can tell that there is a marked increase in the number of people turning up outside Buckingham Palace to stare at the Guards. One explanation is that from a distance they look just like the Rolling Stones.'

This kind of idiocy accompanied weekly reports of riots in Paris, Blackpool and the Channel Islands. The Stones seemed to have become a catalyst for the pent up frustrations of youth everywhere. They went to the States, returned and went again, and in

November released 'Little Red Rooster' which quickly took over the top of the charts. Their first album headed the sales lists in Britain, their second did the same and through the year they produced 'The Last Time', 'Satisfaction' and 'Get Off My Cloud', all angry songs, self penned and possessed of a ballbusting macho pace that captured the imagination of the entire Western Youth Audience. Their American tour late that year became not only exhausting but an omen of the way the game would be played by British bands making it in the great American Vastness. Brian Jones, already beginning to suffer, pushed to the periphery of the band like some brightly coloured ornament, to an overdose of downers in a Chicago hotelroom. The Stones struggled on, now firmly fixed as symbols of all that is detested by understanding citizens of Lawrence County, Anyplace, USA/Europe. But while bourgeois consciousness rejected the uncouth, overtly sexual, Stones, the first glimmerings appeared of that strange enthusiasm that they enjoyed amongst the uppermost reaches of English society.

William S. Burroughs, 2 November '64: 'Pop People Don't Mind Mixing. There is no harm these days in knowing a Rolling Stone, and pop people do not seem to mind who they mix with. Some of their best friends, in fact, are biologists from the upper classes.'

Adulation from below and on high, rarely has such acceptance been meted out to so few by so many with such little idea of why. To quote Mick Jagger, summer '65: 'We can piss anywhere, man.'

1966-69: At the summits. Get offa

multicrowd. Now fully developed, like grievous acne across the face of Western Culture, the Stones and the wake accompanying them had grown to proportions where the hassles and problems became increasingly uncontrollable. Early in '66 a crowd of 2,500 Parisians went apeholic outside the Olympia and fought with police, injuring ten. 85 fans were arrested, the Stones found themselves playing riots instead of gigs, their every step was complicated by searchers, fights, obstinate officials and aggressive photographers.

Their experimentation with stunts and dithering, etc., marked Brian's strenuous efforts to improve their musical appearance while the epic eleven minute 'Going Home' on 'Aftermath' showed that Mick's abilities as a vocalist were expanding well outside the standard rock 'n'



'WE CAN PISS ANYWHERE, MAN'

THIS TIME TEN YEARS AGO, was 1962, oh yes, it was a portentous year. Missiles were being loaded onto rusty old Russian freighters, American spy planes covered the face of the earth, great crises were being hatched, in Vietnam, American advisers were looting the light to 'improve' the infrastructural strength of 'their gooks'. The OAS was doing its best to fulfill an Algerian contract on Charles de Gaulle and at places like the Marquee and the Bricklayer's Arms - the proto Rolling Stones were signing together. Historically and culturally, there were being loaded the subconscious mark of our western culture with realties. The crack of 'piotique' in urban areas, the angry postures of Kennedy/Kruschev/LBJ/Nixon/Brotherly, the endless death of Indochina and several million Rolling Stones records. It is a fact that almost everyone in this country and in the USA, and probably in Europe and possibly in the entire world has heard the music of the Stones. Such is the power of super media and black American rhythm and blues. At that time Mick and Keith and Brian were playing (with Ian Stewart on piano) gigs like the Bricklayer's Arms, small back rooms of pubs where it's not official and could escape the dire Trud Boom and soft schlock that then made up teen music (what today is termed 'the youth market'). The Beatles, the first cometary British rock group, were breaking with 'Love Me Do', the Merseybeat groups were readying, like some throwback to the hordes of Central Asia, for that amazing takeover of English Rock that occurred in '63. Charlie Watts was drumming with Alexis Korner's Blues Incorporated, and Bill Wyman was playing bass in South London local groups and working in a shop. During the summer, the Mick, Keith, Brian team had subbed occasionally at the Marquee in place of Alexis' band at the Thursday night 'ch' venue. Mick had sung with Alexis, they were all familiar with the Ealing Jazz Club that Alexis started, and they were all passionately involved in learning and playing the music of Chuck Berry, Bo Diddley, Elmore James, Muddy Waters, Jimmy Reed and of course Slim Harpo. They knew each other, Mick and Keith being old friends from childhood, Keith living with Brian in a room off the Kings Road. They'd seen and played with Charlie, but couldn't afford him. Bill Wyman arrived, fully amplified, on the word of their first drummer, Tony Chapman. Eventually Charlie left Alexis and while playing with another band he saw the others gigging and decided to switch, the same process that Brian Jones had undergone earlier that year. December the 26th 1962 they (still unnamed) flopped disastrously at the Piccadilly Club but they persevered and landed a semi permanent gig at the Marquee Club, and in February '63 scored an eight month residency at the Richmond Crawdaddy. Giorgio Gomelsky began pushing them amongst the Pop Press and word of the emerging Rolling Stones seeped through to Andrew Loog Oldham, accomplished music business and media shark. Brian Jones was their leader and the most accomplished musician. They were beginning to pull large audiences to the Station Hotel, Richmond, Beatle fashions were on the way out in London's Mod-dom, and the Stones were becoming a focus for the hips of 1963. On the 28th April they signed with Andrew Oldham and Eric Easton for management and promotion. They were doing recordings, but as yet had produced nothing they themselves actually liked. On the 16th of May they recorded 'Come On' a snappy Chuck Berry song, as their first single. Their hair was noticeably long, and the 'a' to 'b' thing was beginning to bite all over Britain. Mods were getting into red wax, pills, Lumbroto LDs and parkas. Their hair was growing, the Stones were the first Mod Flag Band. In fact the Rolling Stones were underway, the vague and separate yearnings of five young, blues orientated peacocks had mutated into the best (to be) Rock Band in the World.

words by Chris Rowley, drawings by Roger Hughes

roll range of the time. Their European tour raised hell and caused satisfactory quantities of havoc, the Daily Mirror reported: 'When the Stones set foot on German soil they unleashed a typhoon of destruction.' In Düsseldorf the cops cleared the streets after a concert with thousands of battle mad fans. The New Musical Express meanwhile rated them the top UK R&B group.

In January '67 they put out 'Let's Spend The Night Together' and recaptured the top of the charts, making up for the disappointing 'Have You Seen Your Mother Baby', their final release of '66. It is said that two policemen strolling their beat in Hammersmith, chanced to look into the studios and were recorded on the single hammering at drums with their truncheons. Such amity between the Stones and figures of authority was, of course, out of character, for following a threatened libel suit against the News of the World after an article on Drugs and Popstars, officers of that same newspaper reported to the police that a drug party was in progress at Keith Richards' country home on the weekend of the 12th of February. The ensuing raid and subsequent court scenes took up the rest of the year with savage sentencing, astonishing Times leaders and more idiotic argument about drugs and the taking of them than we ever want to see again, please lord.

The sentences at the end of the first trial, a year for Keith, three months for Mick and six months for Robert Fraser provoked, apart from the frothings of the Times, this remarkable statement from hoary old John Gordon, mentor of the Sunday Express, a paper not renowned for its liberal, enlightened views.

'Was Jagger convicted of taking one of the evil drugs like heroin or cocaine? Or LSD with which some of the Beatles confessed that they have been experimenting. Not at all. Did he smoke marijuana which some experts say is evil but others equally expert say is not so evil? That wasn't alleged against him. He merely had four Benzodrine tablets, legally purchased abroad, which with the knowledge and approval of his doctor he took to keep him awake when he worked. Trust the right wing to get to the heart of the matter, if they only knew, but then let us give thanks that their imaginations lack the essential equipment to understand.

Following Mick and Keith's court appearances (meanwhile Brian was of course suffering prosecution for possession of Cannabis), 'We Love You' (released, to less than rave reviews,

Their first LP of the year, 'Between the Buttons' had also received some what muted praise and their last release of the year, 'Satanic Majesties', put a definite seal upon a year of disorientation when the mighty Stones machine seemed to falter, when the faces of them were basking with the heat and a savagely self-satisfied society sat back and wished for their downfall.

Then came 'Street Fighting Man', an identification song as yet again the Jagger/Richard team came up with an anthem this time for the angry hordes that sought to tear down Western civilisation that year with their bare hands in Grosvenor Square, Paris and Berlin. Mick even attended Grosvenor Square and was reportedly unimpressed.

Their album release for the year was 'Beggars Banquet', a definite departure for the Stones, a fuller, heavier sound than their mid-period albums with every part of their public image fully exploited, as in 'Stray Cat Blues'.

'I can see that you're fifteen years old. No I don't want your ID - you look so childish and so far from home.'

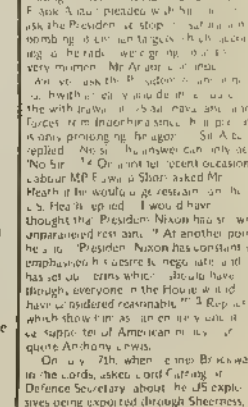
If the world wanted to regard the Stones as some kind of cluster of evil principles then they would get their evil together in a right royal fashion. The perfect Stones projection was still fermenting, a gradual process and it reached perfection and destruction in their grand American Tour in 1969. The Stones sixth year on the road saw the resolution of more than just their search for the limits of their Mephistophelean image, it also saw the removal of a gravely troubled Brian Jones. During the year, unable to get a visa to the States because of his drug convictions, Brian was increasingly at odds with the direction of the band and finally on June 9 he quit. Twenty-four days later they fished him out of his swimming pool, dead from heart collapse due to overdose of asthma inhalers. At the monster Bebebe in Hyde Park two days later, Mick told this epitaph on Brian, straight from the hands of Percy Bysshe Shelley.

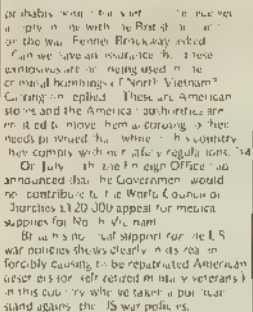
'O woe for Adam's He is dead And though your tears flow on The grass which buds so thickly on his head O weep for Adam's He is dead'

continued on page 14



BY Philip Bra. hwaite





ted that American deserters would be treated as any other alien in that country. Britain has surrendered her own sovereignty in this respect and her own control over persons who are in her territory - to the extent, perhaps, of one US deserter a month handed over to the US authorities. Attempts in Parliament to curb Britain's unique yet extensive interpretation of the Visiting Forces Act so that it would apply only to US servicemen deserting from bases in Britain have so far failed.⁶

Days who has been an outstanding opponent of US indochina policy, is a member of the Bar and Russell War Crimes Tribunal, which is aiming to reconvene this year to an attempt to attach individual and corporate responsibility issued a statement in which he provoked the obvious reply when he asked if the Nazis and criminals among America's leaders responsible for the indochina carnage would be denied entrance to Br.ain

The US's resumption of regular bombing of North Vietnam, which has again aroused intense worldwide feelings of revulsion, has had a side effect upon most of our press and TV writers. Even the 'Guardian' clamoured obscenely in its August 2nd Editorial that North Vietnam was winking 'f' as much propaganda benefit from the bomb 'ng as possible'. "The deliberate attacks upon the dykes, threatening millions of lives - and putting those responsible in the company of Seyss-Inquiry, the Gauleiter of Holland who was executed at Nuremberg - are only for opening the dykes - have found most of the news-media quite y disinterested, compared with the excitement about violent dockers p strikes).

The next day the patriotic Sunday Express editorialised about June Fonda ("little Miss, and Fonda's pampered and praised as an actress, goes to Hanoi: the capital of her country's enemies, to broadcast an appeal in American airman ng in North Vietnam).

Plainly her action is treason.

In the 24hrs. days of revulsion after

- 1 St. Anthony, Edin. Ful. C-12e 1960/p. 79
- 2 Bittersfeld, Paul Two Vietnam. Ch 5
- 3 Nguyen, Phung 1961 Vietnam: Literature in
East Asia. Spoonmaker Pamphlet, No 20, p.
4 Vietnam, United States and Britain
March Project sampler 1963 and New
York. Edin. March 1963
- 5 Fred Brinman, The Third Indochina War
Spoonmaker Pamphlet No 29, p. 11
- 6 Oil and modernization in Asia
- 7 Fred Brinman, April 1963, p. 3
Vietnam International, April/May, 1972
- 8 Liberation News Service LNS in Provincial
Press (Spoonmaker Washington January 1971)
- 9 Vietnam International, April/May 1971
- 10 Daily Telegraph, October 5th 1971
- 11 Morning Star, May 5th 1972
- 12 William Lewis, The Listener, June 25th
1972
- 13 Morning Star, July 18th 1972
- 14 Pearlman, James, 6th June 1972
Society under 18th June 1972 and 23rd
December 6th 1970, October 1971
- 15 Prime News, June 25th 1971 and Third
Indochina War
- 16 "Hanoi News" June 20/1970 "Cambodia
Khuat" June 25th 1970

earlier the same evening. Jeremy Isaacs masterminded yet another encounter that, this time on Eva Peron, Argentina's deified First Lady, "Queen of Hearts" presented a generally sympathetic portrait of a woman rising to great power on surges of popular enthusiasm and then died of cancer early in her life. The programme could have been titled "Love Star," said Nina Allan and Ryan Peron. That's unfair, though, he research was good enough for him programme to give basic information about Peronism and the Argentine as

from The Adventurer were played out. The nation's attention was drawn to the men of their real business—underlying the facts. It was Queen of Hearts was about the time that he had a meeting following of a leader and a leader who really identify with the supporters. Outwardly, everything looked good, but underneath, he was not. We heard numerous accounts to the publicity campaigns. We should have been more, maybe the whole thing was a lie. Maybe the forthcoming movie The Candidate will enlighten us. Still after that programing post-credits, we have a point-of-view.

Finally to finish off of the absurdities and reduce us of an evening of big giggling. News of the Gulf War, the first Gulf War, to discover the Dohaif war in the South Arabian Gulf, a war which has been going on for a long time. He says, we aren't controlled that it is not really try to find out, he's not even the show.

GORDIAN TRELLER

The Great Frisco Quake - real American cooking in
Prairie Corn. Start, move, finish a big, big meal
in an unbelievable, American style main course.
Low on fat, you're up right, in Auntie Ada's *Sooner Apple*
Pie. Break out with the *Edwards Soudade* or *Edwards*
a great Frisco Shake, or *Michael* or *Schultz* beer.

THE GREAT PRINCIPLE OF QUALITY



THE BEST OF OTIS REDDING (Atlantic [WEA])

This month's must for all aged and judged black artists. Dig out those mouldy bowling shoes, those cheap red socks and boogie on the livin' room floor. A total double album of Otis Redding, an impeccable collection of his best. I can't find fault with the selection of any of these tracks including as they do, "Shake", "Respect", "I Been Loving You Too Long", "Satisfaction", "Dock of the Bay", and of course, "My Girl", all Absolute Perfect numbers. In addition there are some more unusual selections like "Tramp" (with Carl Thomas doing the scolding) "Cigarettes and Coffee" and Bill King's "Rock Me Baby". Otis was the greatest of the shaking soul artists of the sixties and his death in 1967 removed him from the stage at a time when his talents were just becoming recognised by a mass audience.

His performance at the Monterey festival in that year gave him his first real breakthrough to the US White Rock audience and at the same time his songwriting, while always excellent, had begun to turn inwards, exploring philosophical areas a long way removed from the simple excitement of "I Can't Turn You Loose" or "Respect". In England, well match, the Mods had caught on to Otis a long time before and the sound of "My Girl" and "Ole Man Trouble" and of course "Shake" reverberated through-out every disco, ballroom and club in the land. A whole army of "soul bands" appeared almost overnight in 1964/65 to pump out imitations, and a host of other artists from the States came and conquered, but Otis was always way out in front. Personally I find it extremely difficult to remain seated (cool calm hipster appearance or not) while this is on the stereo, in fact my feet have manifested and the living room carpet is gonna suffer as a consequence. Throw away those old worn out singles and beat-up mono albums, this 'n' is a winner, and of course Otis is backed up by the immortal Booker T, Steve Cropper and Donald "Duck" Dunn plus a host of other star instrumentalists, it's too good to miss.

CHRIS ROWLEY

MUSIC INSPIRED BY

"LORD OF THE RINGS"

Bo Hansson

[Charmia]

This is a mood music deal, organ, guitar drums all working away to provide you with sounds to listen to while you read (or more likely re-read) that colossal fantasy classic by Professor J.R.R.

ROCK 'N' ROLL

Tolkien. Naturally enough when people set out to prove something at ambitious as accompanying music to a fantasy of such magnitude and marvellous internal coherence, then mistakes, my disasters can occur. Who amongst us can remember that appalling milestone of '67 Ritchie "Songs of Middle Earth" by, you guessed it, The Hobbits. That one ranked with things like "The Zodiac, Cosmic Sounds", surely Elektra's most embarrassing release to date.

Now here we have a desperately sincere attempt by a group of young Swedish musicians to set up some pleasant sounds to fit the book. They employ primarily the organ and guitar work of Bo Hansson, with drums, sax and flute added in. There's a bit of mong too, and indeed I find it peculiar that the mood here is so much in the background when it can be used so effectively, as for instance on the "Tonto's Expanding Headband" album (that Polydor put out last year).

Anyway all you little Elves, Hobbits, Dwarves and Wizards, not to mention Nagrûl, might like to try a listen to this before you blow the dust off Professor Tolkien yet again. There's a whizzo pic of the good Prof in the package too, taken by super-trendy Snowden, just the thing for that blank piece of wall in your hole. Flet or mighty, pinnaled, fortress founded upon a mighty mountain throne above immeasurable pits, great courts and dungeons, eyeless prisons and all. This last of course depends entirely on your lifestyle and mental condition.

CHRIS ROWLEY

HOME SECOND ALBUM (CBS)

It all depends how you listen to albums. If you're one of the folks who play sounds whilst reading, playing dominoes or screwing, then Home's second album will by and large be lost for you. It just hasn't got the drive to cope with exterior situations. It is like a ballet, a ritual. It demands all of you. You can't read a book by it's cover.

So, putting on your headphones, cut yourself off from the outside, look inside the grooves, the plastic ripples of clear pure guitar sounds, and the wholeness of John Anthony's production. All the way through the tracks you'll find phrases, guitar riffs and melodies which stimulate every sense in your

body. And it is a remarkable achievement. The songs themselves are slightly banal, using familiar chord structures, and the vocals don't really add all that much. Then a strain of guitar, a plaintive expressionist melody, comes in through the right speaker, spreads over the field of sound, reappears, vanishes to be replaced by another happier complementary tune. It's all hung together by a solid piano rhythm.

A good 'un if you give it your undivided attention. And all Power to John Anthony's elbow.

GORDIAN TROELLER

LIGHTNIN' HOPKINS LONESOME LIGHTNIN' GEORGE BUTLER WILD CHILD (both Carnival Gold Standard)

Juke Blues 7 & 8, and the end of the first rush of (excellent) releases in this series. Increasingly esoteric (apart from Hopkins) as they appear, they are necessarily suffering the sales flag resultant from this, but for those unfortunate enough not to possess them all, they know not what they miss. Certainly, this is almost positively the last time the majority of the many tracks will be re-issued (many have indeed come out for the first time) and at £1.50, all serious blues lovers should investigate if nothing else. Read on.

Lightnin' has now been playing successfully consistently over his excess of quarter century as a bluesman, and has released so many albums, that almost I need say no more. He's nearly as bad as Howlin' for proliferation. But amazingly enough, this is yet another goodie. All the tracks are slow or easy paced, with only Breakfast Time attempting to raise it, and whilst some might think a certain monotony, its fine mood music, extremely therapeutic if feeling down yourself. But some of the greatest interest lies in his aides: Elmore Nixon sparkling on piano from the 1965 session, even to doing a Jerry Lee Lewis skate (!); Wild Child guesting this time in '68; and finally Eddie Hinto playing some really weird plussing guitar, sounding more like a growling harp than anything, on Ride In Your New Automobile and others from 1969. Lightnin' himself chooses to stay sway, not stretching himself, but putting all the blues he's got into them, introspective and subjective, genuinely seeming to be from the tortured heart rather than strung together for an

album collection. Try it, and let his distinctive guitar make you cry.

Wild Child is the complete synthesis. Virtually unknown, but a bluesman of great note for all that. For many reasons this is a more worthwhile album than Lonesome Lightnin', for this brings this talent to the fore. Three sessions again make up the complement, from '65, '69 and '69, and they spotlight superbly this tough, down-home harp player, who has paid, and as far as we know still is paying his dues, trying to make his music earn his bread. The supporters on this are better known, Walter Horton, Willie Dixon, Lafayette Leake (on piano and organ!), and Jimmy Dawkins, and the latter really shows why he is nicknamed Fast Fingers.

I can't quite fathom the layout of the tracks, mixing the dates completely arbitrarily (!), but the patchwork is one that keeps interest alive and shows the varying styles off admirably. He really is a mean harp player, and one who absorbs influences surrounding him. Within the fourteen tracks here, we have a sexy Gravy Child, a dance craze (Jelly Man), and a funky Put It All In There (!), an instrumental showing Lafayette's organ to advantage (!), and a topical Hippy Playground (Here comes pops with a brand new bag). Oh, and almost incidentally some blues.

A most enjoyable album this. I hope someone answers his harmonica prayer. Maybe B.U. could do an interview with him before too late?

MICHAEL J.

GOOD THUNDER (Elektra)

This is the first album by a California based band called Good Thunder who I'm told are very big in the States, eg sharing billing recently at the University of Hawaii with Ten Years After. The band consists of David Hanson, James Lindsey, John Desaulles, Bill Rhodes and Wayne Cook (head of any of 'em?). Their music is what I would call 'tight progressive' in the 'good time, head-nodding, steady chuckin' boogie category', nothing outstanding but pleasant. They have been influenced by the Yardbirds and Procol Harum it's said, which shows in their music.

I'm sure they would be a better band if they didn't try and fit into the no doubt trendy and intellectually pleasing category of 'progressive rock' and thus overproduce their music. 'Cos they can play good booze. Two tracks, worth listening to are "I Can't Get Through To You" and "Rollin' Up My Mind" noticeably both are written by the keyboard guy Wayne Cook.

JOHN GARDING

EPIC FOREST RARE BIRD (Polydor)

"Epic Forest": an Album for Afficionados. What happened when the Bird Hatched Out. The period of gestation has been a long one for the new Rare Bird but, on the strength of this album and their recent live performances, the care and concern taken in forming and shaping the band has made the wait worthwhile. And while the album might not be a collector's item it does give indication that Rare Bird has the potential for becoming one of England's most exciting bands.

The best tracks are those where they have assimilated their musical influences (these are varied but the most easily identifiable are Zappa and "Mexican Funk") "Title No. 1 Again" in particular (fairly zaps along (pardon the pun) combining immense musical accomplishment (listen especially to Dave Kaffinetti's monster keyboard playing) with such a high energy output that, at the end, you're left quite breathless. The least successful tracks are those where their musical influences sit on top of the music rather than being integrated into it, when thought dominates spontaneous and intuitive musical feel.

Basically all the tracks are good but the all-around winners are undoubtedly "Title No. 1 Again", "You're Lost" (one of the tracks on the free single included with the album), the beautiful "Her Darkest Hour", and the heady "Eric Forest". There aren't too many bands about that combine funk with a strong melodic line as well as they do.

JENNY TOPPER

My name is called Disturbance ...

STONES

continued from page 13



Butterflies were released, Mick Taylor, the new guitarist, was welcomed, and Brian properly mourned. In October, with 'Honky Tonk Woman' supreme in the charts they began their first tour of America for

three years. They had been away for a long time and America had grown up in the meantime. America was taking drugs, America had long hair, and America was decidedly uncouth in 1969. A great tour, the Stones laid their "Let It Bleed" trip (all ouh?) across the American forehead and in return the Stones were given Altamont.

Keith Richards on Altamont: "I'm not used to being upstaged by the fucking Hells Angels man." Ahh, but the four hip malenky malchiks and their prancing brainbell jongleur were upstaged by the Hells Angels, for the Angels of California were real, and tough and nasty when threatened. If you've seen 'Gimme Shelter' then you'll have your own ideas on Altamont, if you haven't seen it you ought to. The pseudo Satanism of posturing Mickey J ran smack into the elemental fury of the Hells Angels and the Stones visibly quailed under the ego bashing. Only Keith seemed able to keep his edgy cool together on that merciless day. "Let It Bleed" was the summation of that trip, the essence of the Stones at their raunchiest, that self-conscious

leer as the little flower of blood wafted up the inside of the Gillette, "to bleed on."

1970-72: 1970, in contrast, was a year of quiet and retrenchment, only one album, "Get Your Ya-Ya's Out", and Oldham and Easton, and also Alan Klein. (Klein to the tune of seven and a half million dollars), and Mr and Mrs Jagger had produced a daughter, Jade. This year, the tenth since those early beginnings has seen the release of their first double album of new material, the tapes recorded in the south of France, "Exile on Main Street." The audience has become a middle twenties fan thing, and their American tours are tremendous and highly successful affairs. They have in effect grown up, and after tilting at the world, have opted for less Quixotic roles. They pissed on walls, played at being Satan, made some of the finest rock'n'roll music ever to thrill a young delinquent's heart, and sneered all the way in the bank. Did we really need the Rolling Stones?

Mick was married to Nicaraguan socialite Bianca Ross Peres-Mora in the usual blaze of public attention and the final acquiescence by the Stones of their acceptance by the culture they had once spurned seemed to have been made with this wealthy, playboy style nuptial ceremony. Long gone were any pretensions to the title of disturbance, the dual standard of wealth and taste showed that the Stones in their elevation to positions within 'straight society' was just doing what came natural. God alone knows what they might have done, but they did release "Sticky Fingers" and "Brown Sugar" as a single.

REVIEWS

WINTER SOLDIER (X)
UK Premier Presentation
Academy Cinema III from
Thurs 5th October

Winter Soldier is a documentary account of the Winter Soldier investigation held in Detroit during January, February 71 at which Vietnam War Veterans gave voluntary evidence of war crimes and atrocities they committed or witnessed while in that country.

As they talk the speakers' raps are intercut with polaroid snapshots and personal films of themselves and the American military/industrial death culture at work.

Racist, fascist and chauvinistic attitudes of mind and the underlying sadomasochism of military conditioning are fully exposed before the camera as are the media lies of military policy, the presentation of medals village burning and body count, evidently this war is not one of occupying territory but of the number of enemy killed in combat. The standard reply to questions on the military status of the dead as "How do you know they're Vietnamese?" "Because they're dead sir."

BY JOY FAIRREN

THE CAMELTHORN PAPERS
by Ann Thwaite, Puffin, 25p

Many "adults" deprive themselves of a great deal of pleasure by thinking children's stories are writ to be read by children only. Not so. Everyone should keep at least one children's book in the house. Sometimes a grey unhappy day can be banished by reading a book that transports you into the world of childhood. The Camelthorn Papers is a quiet gentle adventure story of three children's search for a lost diary. The tale is set in North Africa and the descriptions of the country are both beautiful and convincing.

WANDERING
by Hermann Hesse, Jonathan Cape, £1.50

Wandering consists of prose poetry and watercolour sketches by Hesse. Rather like a "thought" book, a mixture of things that interested Hesse. Verbal and visual sketches of the countryside. The short chapters (or sections) have titles like Rain, Trees, Walk at Night, Red House, Evenings. For Hesse freaks and country lovers.

AN ALIEN HEAT
by Michael Moorcock, MacGibbon & Kee, £1.75

On the whole I'm not a fan of Michael Moorcock. I find most of his writing rather overripe with a tendency towards sword & sorcery pulp. But every so often he produces something splendid, rather like a half-hearted magician who is never quite sure what will appear from his hat. The hero of An Alien Heat is Jerry Cornelius under a different name (Jherik Carnelian). The setting is a time so far in the future as to be inconceivable. The world is dying, earth is populated by strange degenerate people. Men and women who are not really men and women. Capable of marvellous acts they are totally self-indulgent, creating or destroying at a whim. Jherik Carnelian is unique in that he was born and had a childhood. Day fades into day without much change. Until a lady time traveller from the 19th century arrives. Jherik Carnelian is a rather more interesting personality/aspect of Jerry Cornelius. More of him please Mr Moorcock.

COMICS—ANATOMY OF A MASS MEDIA
by Reinhold Reitberger and Wolfgang Fuchs, Studio Vista £2.25 (paperback)

At first I couldn't realise why so many of the comic strips used as illustrations were in German. The book is a translation and someone forgot to translate the comic captions. It's surprising just how necessary words are to comics. Apart from this I found the book interesting, although the coverage given to "underground" comics and cartoonists is thin and not particularly complimentary. The book contains a lot of valuable information on the Comics Code and censorship of comics. Definitely a must for anyone interested in the development and relevance of comics. But be warned there's a lot more words than comics.

THE MARVELLOUS ADVENTURES OF CABEZA DE VACA
by Hanial Long, Corgi Books, 75p

A very short (76 pages) book. Pocket sized. The poetical history of a Spanish gentleman who in 1528 was shipwrecked and walked naked across the entire North American continent. The story is told in the form of a letter to King Charles V of Spain. It is a most beautiful and moving book. The absolute simplicity and truth of the words are sometimes shattering in their impact. The proud Spaniard becomes the healer, learns to see the humanity of the Indians. The second part of the book is the story of Malinche, the Yucatecan slave girl who fell in love with Cortes and helped him to conquer Mexico. Both stories are based on historical facts. The book is so easy to read and yet remains for so long in your mind and memory that really everyone should have a copy.

Emotional and psychological release is often evident among the veterans as they are speaking of past experiences, most of the men involved in the film are attempting now to readapt to civilian life in a country that has betrayed them, many are radical peace freaks and most are considered as comic book fags because of their involvement in trying to end this war now.

They're hated by middle class America and the honky rednecks because they are living proof of the crimes being perpetrated every day on the Vietnamese people by American imperialism.

This film was made by a film-makers collective from New York as they felt that "normal" media coverage would not be sufficient to explore and reveal the evidence presented in Detroit. Its distribution in this country is being handled by Connoisseur Films and if you've access to hall and projector, it'd be worth your time.

As an Indian veteran says, "When we made treaties long ago, they were for as long as the grass shall grow and as long as the rivers shall flow. Well the way we're goin' now, someday the grass ain't gonna grow and the rivers ain't goin' to flow."

Richard Aulton

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PERSONAL

OVERLAND Through Africa, new Bit guide to every country in Africa, specially for the hitchhiker and cheap traveller (minimum "donation" 75p, all money to BIT & Omega-Nambial; also **OVERLAND** To India and Beyond, a guide covering every inch of the route from Turkey to Indonesia (minimum "donation" 50p, both from BIT Information & Help Service, 141 Westbourne Park Road, London W11 0J1 229 8219).

AMERICAN film director, mature but refreshingly off beat, coming to London very soon, wishes early contacts with unconventional, experienced chicks for various roles in uninhibited sexy underground series of films. No starring roles in scripts, but many exciting, kinky parts to be cast. Particular rewarding openings for imaginative lesbians and bondage discipline or other first-hand practices of girl freaks who enjoy being spanked etc. Also one opening for straight chick with longest hair. Send recent dated snap and clear details of experience and ambitions in first letter, including unpadding measurements and personal reasons for responding to this unusual opportunity for glamour fame. Answers in strict order of postmarks. BOX 138/1

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BRITISH citizenship offered to lady by young man for £1500 one. Write to: D Fearn, 12 Park Drive Huddersfield Yorkshire.

GAY guy (18) seeks same. Photo? Steve, 19 Surrey Road, Peckham, London SE15 3AS

PHYSIQUE art publisher require young young male models for new publication. Details and photo to BOX 141/1

DAVE (21) wants to meet young simple lady. SE London area. BOX 141/2

AMERICAN girl 18-23 wanted for marriage/ state price. Guy wants American/US citizenship. Charles Magin, Ponte Ravante, Trafalgar Square Post Office, London

SUBMISSIVE guy, Birmingham area, seeks chicks who enjoy administering discipline, bondage, etc. Write BOX 141/3

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LOST DOG. Yip is an Australian Kelpie bitch, very friendly, very fox-like in appearance, golden brown in colour. She disappeared on the 21 September and her owner is very unhappy without her. Anyone who could help contact Dave McPherson c/o Frome Post Office, Frome, Somerset. Reward for finding Yip.

PENFRIENDS needed interested in SF, astrology, zen etc. Grupo Aquaria, R Dgs Cavadas, 66J-2º, Porto, Portugal

COULD anyone who knows Peter Goldman, Melvin Harris or Bob Mays (friends of Nat Finkelstein) please contact Joy at IT, Urgent, Nat is in jail in India.

GAY girl, 24, wishes to meet or correspond with similar females. BOX 141/4

BRITISH citizenship offered by guy £500 in cash. Bryan McKeagor, 40 Elmwood Road, Camberwell London SE5

KIRKDALE Alternative Day School, Svdnam, SE28 now has a few vacancies for ages 6-9. Phone 874 6212 evgl.

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Nixon Tells All

